

2,978 HURT HEROES ENJOY MERRY TIME

Frolics Scenes Mark Holiday
in Big U. S. Hospital in Old
Greenhut Store.

CRIPPLES FULL OF SPIRIT

Even the Helpless War Victims
Feel Happier for Plethora
of Goodies Sent to Them.

A fat red stocking, crammed to the brim with goodies, came hurtling down from a third floor window of U. S. Debarment Hospital No. 2, the same which was the Greenhut store at Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street. Out from the curb darted a laughing girl, picked up the stocking and the candies and cigarettes and other small gear it had shed on its way, blew a kiss upward and ran on. From the third floor window the soldier Santa Claus blew the kiss back with interest, and turned inside with a grin to resume swapping stories of the front with a bunch of his pals. It was Christmas Day at No. 2, and such a pack of presents had it brought to the 2,978 wounded heroes there that they even had some to share with the outside world. All a girl had to do was to stand looking up at the windows with a wistful expression.

An officer just inside the big entrance on Eighteenth street watched a stocking fall with a tolerant grin. "They're raising the devil up there," he said. But it was a harmless frolic, and it might have been a deal wilder and anybody would forgive those lads for it, and be glad that fellows who have risked everything and come back maimed, gassed, shaking from shell shock, legless, armless, blind, have still spirits and youth to make merry on Christmas Day.

Nothing Lacking for the Lads.

They had all the materials for a high old holiday. Nothing was lacking for the Government or a grateful public could do. John McCormack sang for them. The finest jazz band procurable for them. Every body in the country, it appeared, had sent candy and smokes and picture books and gifts. The turkey dinner was the best ever. Pretty girl faces bloomed for the men under becoming Red Cross headresses. Invitations to dine out were showered on them. In fact, as the adjutant said to a reporter: "The people are outdoing themselves to be kind to the wounded soldiers."

But they're having a good time now. As a nice, fresh faced, clear eyed South Carolina boy told the reporter, smoking a cigarette and nursing a game leg the other day: "These maimed men will have their own fight to make."

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"These British nurses were mighty good to us Americans. Ah was with the British at Cambrai, long with mah regiment, and when the shell struck mah leg Ah was taken to a British hospital. Seemed lak the nurses made more fuss ov us Americans than evah their own men. An New York is shuah fine to us. But Ah'm lookin' to go home soon—there's no place lak home."

Anxious for Home Petting.

"No petting like home petting," hazarded the reporter. A blissful smile spread over the lad's face—he was just a stripling.

"Ah've got a father and mother and four brothers and five sisters," he said. "And," he added reflectively, "thah's maybe another girl or two—Ah'll be glad to get home. War's all right, but the weather in France didn't suit me. And you had so much of it. You'd put up your tent and crawl in and go to sleep, and long would come a shell and blow your tent away, and nothing but weather all around you. And the noise was terrible. But Ah got used to it. At first seemed lak Ah couldn't sit down in a 'Y' tent and write a letter, 'count of the noise; Ah'd get all fussed up; but now Ah don't mind anything."

This lad wasn't badly hurt, and was carrying a cane, he explained, "jess to be in fashion." Cane was all the vogue at No. 2 yesterday, every patient who could be out of bed had one, and very swaggy canes they were. In all other respects great variety was permitted as to costume. Olive drab was full dress, but the whole of the uniform didn't have to be there—if a doughboy preferred a bathrobe to his coat it was all right. Any number of buttons could be missing and there was no court-martial.

Arctic navy, pajamas with bathrobe artistically draped over them were all the rage. And on the feet that sociably met and intermixed when groups got to gassing together were all styles of footgear from legions fastened up to the Colonel's taste to flapping bath slippers or thick dresses, or warm, fuzzy socks. But there were two things which no soldier appeared at yesterday's Christmas frolic. One was a white varnished in his buttonhole, or pinned on if he hadn't any buttonhole, and the other was the cane.

Infused Men Going Agile.

Some of the men going up the grand staircase from the rotunda, in which was the Christmas tree, merely used the cane this way: They would plant it firmly two steps above them, make a spring jump of four steps, resting on it, and then repeat the process. But, alas, there were others, many others, hobbling slowly and painfully on two canes; there were some who not only needed the cane to get up stairs but clung heavily to the banisters too.

And often, very often, as one sat in

1,200 FIGHTERS EAT AT MOUNTAIN CLUB

Doughboys, Gobs and French
Bluejackets Dine on Vic-
tory Turkey.

AUSTRALIANS THERE TOO

Cabaret From Broadway Thea-
tres Keeps Things Merry
Between Courses.

Two hundred convalescent wounded soldiers will start back into the West to-day, whence they came something like a year or more ago to demonstrate in France what an easy job it would be for a Pacific coast or Rocky Mountain type of scrapper to finish off the world war and get the boys out of the trenches for Christmas. Up to yesterday each of the men with a wound stripe thought the war and his experience quite the dominant thing, and there was a thrilling story all ready to take the lead in the first conversation back home.

The war went figure so prominently now, for the wounded 200—and several hundreds of other soldiers and sailors—dropped in at the Astor Hotel yesterday and met the members of the Rocky Mountain Club, men who all have come back for having done big things out in that part of the country from which the Sunset Division came.

So when the division came East on its way to France last year the Rocky Mountain Club members took them in hand on Christmas Day and filled them up with turkey and the kind of real Christmas cheer they would have had back home. The Rocky Mountaineers called it the Partition of Turkey at the time, and the 800 of the Sunset Division men present and the club members present promised there would be a Christmas feast for Western men in olive drab every Christmas while the war was on.

Yesterday's dinner was larger in attendance by a whopping half. The club had announced that a thousand would be there. The Christmas dinner was carefully estimated between 1,200 and 1,300, and you would have needed a shoehorn to admit another man. Five hundred in khaki had been invited through Secretary Baker. Three hundred and fifty gobs had received their invitation through the Danish Consulate. British Consul-General Bayley, who sat at the table of honor and made a speech, had collected, by request, about 150 Canadians and Australians around town. From the Marcelline lying in the harbor came two tables of French bluejackets.

Reveling in Reminiscences.
But the younger ones revelled in reminiscences, even when they were just talking among themselves. Three and young Southerners—there seem to be a number of them in No. 2—sat in the shadow of the Christmas tree surrounded with candy, and, oblivious to all in the joy of telling how many chaps they had seen shot up, "A fellow is shuah lucky if he hasn't drawn a card of himself shot away," he said. "Ah shot a fellow in the night and a bomb burst and killed him, next me. But they was a fellow, some part of him was shot off. Ah reckon it was his heel, and you ought to hear him yell. 'Shoot me right here; most of me's gone; shoot me!' he yelled. 'How was he? Was he walkin' round, but my buddy, he was walkin' over there, with a runnin' sore in his leg they can't heal up. Seem too bad like.'"

And so the talk ran on, stories of battles the like of which the world has never known, and over it and under it the Christmas merriment, the fellows who could play thumping rag time on the piano, victrolas sounding, and Red Cross nurses flitting to and fro with gifts and little services and candy and more candy; and why those boys didn't get home so fast, and how mortal can tell. The adjutant was clearly fearful that they'd have some terrible tummyaches before morning.

Gifts for Belated Arrivals.

"I've laid in a supply of medicine," he said solemnly. He is a canny young fellow, pointing to some impressive pile of boxes in his office. He informed the reporter in his office that said boxes contained smokes and sweets and so on donated by a generous public, and he was keeping them for future consumption.

"What's the use of opening everything now, when the war is still on?" he asked. "I'll just keep those, and next week when fellows come along who missed out on the Christmas celebration we'll just hand them things out. The New York people have been very generous. This telephone has been very busy answering folks who wanted to entertain men at their homes."

"We didn't try to arrange for individual soldiers visiting individual homes," he said. "Thanksgiving it was, and today we let them go out, those who wished; but less than 5 per cent. elected to do so. The lads entertained a group with dinner and presents, and the Frars did the same, and some went to private homes, but the great mass of them preferred to stay right here."

MISS JANIS CABLES A PARTY.

Twelve Children of Soldiers Entertained at Her Home.

Miss Elsie Janis entertained at long distance twelve little boys and girls yesterday at her home at Phillips Mountain. Miss Janis, who has been appearing before the soldiers and sailors who now is playing in London, cabled to Miss Hallie Bullock, her housekeeper, to invite twelve children of men in the service and give them the best Christmas party they ever had in their lives. Miss Janis obeyed orders. In Miss Janis' old Colonial mansion, once the home of Frederick Philipps, when he owned all the land between the Spuyten Duyvil and Peekskill, the children had a merry party. They had a turkey dinner with "all the fixings" and then each received a useful gift from a big tree—sweaters, caps and gloves for the boys and dresses for the girls.

John D. Rockefeller sent gold pieces to the employees at the Tarrytown railroad station and to the telephone and telegraph operators.

BRINGS XMAS JOY TO POOR CHILDREN

Salvation Army, Jersey
City, Plays Santa.

Note of Thankfulness Is Dom- inant at Services in Churches.

Service Men Present
Dr. Manning Warns Against
Those Who Seek to Asperse
Our Allies.

This year's Christmas activities of the Salvation Army Industrial Home, 251 Erie street, Jersey City, Major Wallace W. Winchell, superintendent, included the following:

Distribution of 200 pairs of brand new shoes among children, some of whom the Major's assistants took to the home in wagons because they had no shoes and couldn't go barefoot. Christmas dinner for down and out men who are inmates of the Industrial Home; also presents of socks, sweaters and other clothing to inmates.

Christmas tree and entertainment for children at the home.

Major Winchell was able to do all this as the result of donations of toys, clothing, and by the Jersey City Women's Club, Dr. Everett's Bible Class of the First Congregational Church, Grove Church of North Bergen and other organizations and contributions of money from thirty or forty friends of the Major to whom he made a special appeal.

The women of the Grove Church went to the home a lot of socks, wristlets and sweaters, which they knitted themselves. Major Winchell counted noses among the inmates and found he didn't have quite enough socks to go around. There were, however, ten one-legged men in the institution, and the Major saw to it that they were limited to a sock apiece. In this way he was able to stretch the distribution.

One hundred stereoscopic views of Belgium, which were taken by Major Winchell during the German occupation while he was engaged in relief work for the Red Cross army, were shown for the first time last evening at an entertainment in the Industrial Home.

RABBIS PLEDGE AID TO TROOPS.

Will Help Returning Men Every
Way, Disregarding Creed.

A resolution pledging devotion to the United States and the principles it stands for, and urging they use their influence with their congregations to give all possible aid to returning soldiers and sailors, irrespective of creed, was unanimously adopted yesterday at the convention of Jewish Rabbis, at the Young Men's Hebrew Association, Ninety-second street and Lexington avenue.

A letter was read from Cardinal O'Connell, Boston, expressing his belief that the rabbis had it in their power to be potent factors in checking the spread of Bolshevism in this country.

A resolution was passed at the instance of Dr. Bernard Drachman, president of the Union of Orthodox Synagogues, that the organization be represented by an emissary to the Jewish Rabbis' Association.

Letters of encouragement were received from Speaker Champ Clark, Secretary Baker, Secretary Daniels, Senator Hiram Johnson, Nathan Straus, Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court and Judge Julian Mack of Chicago, president of the Federation of American Zionists.

At the afternoon session the proposition of the British Government regarding the creation of a Jewish homeland in Palestine was indorsed.

Major-General David C. Shanks—than whom no General living more completely looked the part—was the only two star general present. So far as could be seen he and the Six men were the only two people old enough to remember and chuckle when "There'll Be a Hot Time" was played. Otherwise this fine old hymn caught on well as something new.

Dr. Manning of Trinity was to have said the grace, but as he couldn't be there Mr. Montgomery told all hands to say a silent one for themselves and then pitch in. Some of the members and friends of the club, each playing loud at a round table, were William H. Daniel, A. W. Schaefer, Daniel A. W. Schaefer, George O. Eaton, S. Ford Carpenter, George S. Rosenbaum, K. C. Heaton and Hy Mayer. A portrait of Gen. Black J. Pershing, said to be connected with the army, presided from the gallery and was cheered.

Bottled Cider for Toasts.
The toasts were in bottled sweet cider, with a wicked hint on the souvenir menu that the club was doing its best for good cheer, but the boys probably would have to wait till they got home to the State in the West.

John Hays Hammond, had sent an appropriate greeting to the guests. It was printed in the menu leaflet, along with this poem from Mountaineer Senator Bert M. Fernald of Maine. He wrote it too:

To the lad you love so well:
You have captured Bill the Kaiser,
You have lured his Hunns like Hell!
You've lured for your valor.

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Christmas services in most of the New York city churches yesterday partook for the most part of a supplemental Thanksgiving Day service. Clergy, choir and congregation united in praising God in a spirit of thankfulness for the era of peace that comes with the dawn of this year's Christmas Day.

Officiating pastors without exception sounded a message of good cheer to the families of soldiers and sailors who made the supreme sacrifice in the battle to achieve the peace that has come to us. At the same time those who were denied the privilege of active participation in the war were adjured to grasp the opportunity now presented for an extension of good fellowship and brotherhood throughout the world.

See Christ's Sway Increased.
A special message to those who felt, or were inclined to feel, at the outbreak of the war that Christianity had failed—that Christ's power was at end, was voiced by several of the preachers.

To-day, they said, His power is acknowledged in a way never before known. Yesterday's services were exceptional and noteworthy if for nothing else for the number of uniformed men of the army and navy not only of the United States but of the nations with whom we have been allied in the fight for peace. Members of the land and sea forces of Britain, France and Italy were conspicuous in nearly every congregation. Protestants and Catholics, and by far the greater part of those who were men who knew at first hand of the horrors of war and were service stripes on their sleeves to show it.

The regular Christmas Day sermon at St. Patrick's was delivered at the 11 o'clock mass by the Rev. Thomas J. McLooney, S. J.

"The meaning of this great feast day is fraught to us here in America with more than usual significance," he said. "For many years the great countries of Europe have been deluged with blood. That blood was shed because of a false philosophy which said that the State was the fundamental government and that the State recognized no right for ordinary man to exercise."

Dr. Manning's sermon, "Trinity in His Sermon," said: "Never in the life of any of us, never since the angels sang that first Christmas carol, and the shepherds went to kneel in the Bethlehem stable and the light of God came down to dwell among men, has Christmas had such meaning for the world as it has this day."

"This Christmas speaks to us as no other Christmas has ever done of the blessed meaning of peace. We thank God to-day for the ending of a frightful war, but we thank Him still more that this war has shown us the real meaning of peace. We realize more clearly than ever that peace does not mean mere material comfort, mere freedom from bodily danger and struggle, nor cowardly acquiescence in wrong and evil. We see that peace is a matter of the soul."

"If America had stood passive in this war and refused to have her part in it, that would have brought us peace. It would have brought us unending shame."

"It is not the mere fact that hostilities are ended, that Germany is defeated that gives us peace. It is the fact that although late in entering we did part in the great struggle for righteousness, that when the great evil came to us we did not fail. It is our brave soldiers and sailors who have won true peace for America. They are the true peace makers. They have upheld the right at the risk of their own lives. To them may Christmas bring its truest blessing. They are the soldiers of the Prince of Peace."

"The Christmas message to us of a new era of good will to men, a new era of fellowship and brotherhood in all the world. There is opportunity for this now, such as has never been before."

Defends Unity of Nations.
Continuing, Dr. Manning defended the principle of a unity of nations banded together to uphold the right. He did not use the phrase "league of nations," nor did he mention any individual when he condemned any influence that might tend to sow dissension between the allied governments.

"May we be worthy of the great opportunity before us," he went on. "The new enemy of mankind to-day is the man who, through prejudice or small-mindedness, will sow distrust or dissension among the nations which have been brought together by the terrible experiences of the war. It is the highest duty of each one of us to do what we can to stimulate good feeling among those with whom we have fought by side. Let us show our strong disapproval of any man who by tongue or pen, seeks to draw unfavorable comparisons and to stir up ill feeling between us and the nations with whom we are now at one."

Guiding principle at the peace table shall be unity between ourselves and our allies, and especially that unity between America and the other English speaking peoples of the world upon which the hope of the future depends.

"To-day there are millions of homes in this world, many here in our own land, which have never known sorrow because of the war—homes where sorrow has come which nothing in this world can heal, where Christmas can never be the same again while life lasts."

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The Sun Calendar.

For eastern New York, partly cloudy and somewhat colder to-day; to-morrow fair; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

THE WEATHER.

For northern New England, local snow and colder to-day; generally fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

For southern New England, partly cloudy and colder to-day; generally fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

For western New York, local snow to-day; fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

For the Pacific coast, fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

For the Gulf of Mexico, fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

For the Indian Ocean, fair to-morrow; moderate to fresh westerly winds.

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NEW ENGLAND HAS INDOOR FESTIVALS

Weather Fails to Mar Cele-
bration of "Victory" Xmas.

CHICKEN FEAST AT SING SING.

All of the 1,100 Convicts Clapped
Except Two Brooklyn Bandits.

Every he-man in Sing Sing enjoyed a comparatively merry Christmas yesterday except two, J. C. Sparks and F. B. Walsh, Brooklyn bandits and navy deserters, who tried to leave the prison by scaling the river front fence Sunday night. They passed their holiday in solitary confinement in the dingy punishment cells.

A keeper carried a chicken dinner to the two offenders. The rest of the populace except nine condemned layabouts ate chicken in the big mess hall. The condemned men, including John Cohen, implicated in the assassination of Barnett Barr, Manhattan pouter, had chicken in the death house. They also enjoyed phonograph selections, while the other prisoners saw a vaudeville and motion picture show.

Father Cushman, the prison chaplain, conducted Christmas services, one in the chapel and the other in the death house. No Christmas pardons were received from Gov. Whitman and some prisoners were disappointed.

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